THE SCOVRGE OF VENVS.

OR

The wanton Lady.

WITH

THE RARE BIRTH OF *ADONIS.*

The third Impression.

Written by *H. A.*

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H. A.

BIBLIOTHECA · BODLEIANA ·

To the Reader.

GEntelemen, if your fancy wi
permit you to fauonr this book
I ſhall bee thankefull, if not,
can but repent at the charge
the Impreſſion, I meane but little gaine
my ſelfe, yet much pleaſure to you, if it we
my owne wit, and you condemne it,
ſhould be aſhamed of my publicke intruſio
but ſince it was the labour of a man wel-d
ſeruing, forbeare open reprehending, for,
I haue heard, 'twas done for his ple
ſure, without any intent of an Impreſſio

To the Reader.

Thus much I excuse him that I know not, and commend that which deserueth well: if I be partiall. I pray patience.

H A.

The

The Scourge of Venus.

WHilſt that the Sunne was climing vp in haſte,
To view the world with his ambitious eye.
Faire *Myrha*; yet alas, more faire then chaſte.
Did ſet her thoughts to deſcant wantonly;
Nay moſt inhumane, worſe then bad, or ill,
As in the ſequell you may reade at will.

You that haue parents, or that parents be,
Depart a ſpace, and giue not eare at all
To the foule tale that here ſhall vttered be:
Some filthy ſhame let on all other fall,
If poſſibly there can be any ſuch,
From nature to degenerate ſo much.

O then with *Ouid*, I am wonderous glad
That this ſmall world of ours is put ſo farre
From thoſe that ſuch inceſtious people had:
So reſt thou ſtill in glory as a ſtarre.
That ſcorning thruſts from other nations quite,
And in thy vertues doth thy ſelfe delight.

And now faire *Myrha* in her youthly blood
Doth on her father dote with fond deſire,
Each foule occaſion is accounted good,
That may increaſe her filthy luſtfull fire.
And as this ſhamefull matter wanted grace,
So doubtfully ſhe thus doth plead her caſe.

Why ſhould not Gods this loue of mine permit?
Or be offended with me for the ſame?
It doth infringe their ſacred lawes no whit,
Adding diſhonour, or deſeruing blame.
I will proceed, good reaſons for to proue,
'Tis not vnlawfull to obtaine my loue.

The Scourge of Venus.

In many countries I do certaine know,
The parents with their children married be,
Which they do moſt, their godlineſſe to ſhow.
Becauſe their loues increaſt thereby they ſee.
Then ſhall this luckleſſe plot of ground remaine,
Th'occaſion that my loue I not obtaine?

Each night hath Nature ſet at liberty:
All things be common, for ſhe naught reſtraines.
Then let the Daughter with the Father lye,
Like preſident with all things elſe remaines.
The Kid, the Heifer, and the birds we ſee,
Affect the ſame of whom they gotten be.

In happy caſe then ſuch her creatures are,
That may do ſo, and yet do no offence,
They be more happy then is mankinde farre;
For they by ſome malicious baſe pretence
Haue made a curbe to hold that ſtill in thrall,
Which Nature would haue common vnto all.

But yet packe hence thou foule inceſtious loue,
What, wilt vpon thy only father dote?
I ought to loue him; yet as doth behoue,
Nor that the world thereby my ſhame may note.
O do reſolue! the neereneſſe of our kin,
Cuts off all hope thy wiſhed ſuite to win.

Did *Cupid* then ere ſhoot ſo yet before?
Can *Vulcan* forge ſo foule an arrow now?
Or further: will dame *Venus* euermore,
Such cruelty vnto her ſeruants ſhow?
No, no, I am deceiu'd; for now I ſee,
With poiſoned ſnakes ſome fury wounded thee.

How great (ſaid ſhe) O *Venus* mayſt thou be,
How was I rauiſhed this preſent night,
In feeling of your pleaſant ſports in me?
I clipt a man in prime of his delight,
What liuely pleaſures did I there conceiue?
No fault (alaſſe) but they too ſoone did leaue.

would

Would *Cynaras* thou hadſt ſome other name,
How fitly mightſt thou haue a loue of me?
How nobly mightſt thereby increaſe thy fame,
How quickly ſhouldſt a ſon gaine vnto thee?
I would inforce dull earthly thoughts, to craue,
To kiſſe and clip, and other paſtimes haue.

What meane my dreames? haue they effect at all?
May dreames a future chance to vs portend?
Let then to me ſuch dreames more oft befall,
In dreames no preſent witneſſe can offend.
„ In dreames we may as great a pleaſure take,
„ As in ſome ſort is found we being awake.

But yet auaunt, packe hence foule filthy fire,
Wring out ſome teares to quench this curſed flame,
No otherwiſe then daughter-like require.
Thy fathers loue, that blazons out thy ſhame.
Yet put the caſe he firſt did ſeeke to me;
No doubt I ſhould to his requeſt agree.

Why ſhould it not then ſtand right ſo with him,
Since of one nature we participate?
What if with ſpeech thou ſhame his loue to win.
Then maiſt thou write, *No time is yet too late.*
What thou doſt bluſh to ſpeake, loue bids thee write,
Belieue me they read more then we indite.

Reſolu'd on this, with trembling hand ſhe takes,
The pen and paper, framing for to write,
Left hand holds way, whilſt right the letter makes.
Compoſing what ſhe did in minde indite.
She writes, ſhe doubts, ſhe changeth this for that,
She likes, diſlikes, and notes ſhe knowes not what.

She caſts away, and begin a new,
Yet findes a want in that ſhe framed laſt,
She blots, and then againe that thing doth view,
And now the firſt more fits then all that's paſt.
Father ſhe writes, yet ſhame did blot it out,
Then thus ſhe writes, and caſts away all doubt.

The Scourge of Venus.

I know not what, fends to I know not whom,
Such health that thou maiſt only giue to me,
Which if I want, my life cannot be long,
Euen that ſame health thy louer ſends to thee.
I dare not tell thee who I am for ſhame,
Nor (out alaſſe) once let thee heare my name.

And if thou aske of me what I deſire,
Or why ſo doubtfull I do write to thee,
Would nameleſſe I might tell what I require.
Till that my ſweet were ganted vnto me:
Which to know, thou wouldſt make further triall,
,, A maiden asketh but a maids deniall.

In token of my wounded heart, I would
Within theſe blotted lines there might appeare,
My colour pale, my body leane and cold,
My watery eyes, my ſighes and heauy cheere,
Then mightſt perceiue I were in loue with thee,
And how the flames of loue tormenteth me.

The Scourge of Venus.

I call the Gods as witneſſe to the ſame
Poore wretched wench, I ſtroue to flie the dart,
And did my beſt that out-rage for to tame,
Which *Cupid* had alotted for my ſmart,
No wench bare more then did to me betide,
Which forc'd me ſhew the cauſe that I would hide.

Then mercy at thy gentle hands I craue,
In fearefull wiſe to thee I make my mone,
Thou onely maiſt thy louer ſpill or ſaue,
No enemy doth ſue, but ſuch a one.
That is aly'd moſt ſweetly vnto thee,
Yet in a neerer band would linked be.

My life is thine, and thou didſt giue it me,
Then loue thy ſelfe, and thou wilt me affect,
My beauty's much, and is deriu'd from thee,
Then all thy owne be carefull to reſpect.
O ſtop thy eares, and heare not *Myrha's* name,
And ſhut thy eies when thou doſt read the ſame.

My

My youthfull yeares raſh folly doth beſeeme,
The skill of law to aged folkes belong,
And all is lawfull that we liſt, I deeme,
We take no notice of the right or wrong,
If it offend to take thy owne in't bed,
Let that offence be layd vpon my head.

Then ſet apart the dread of worldly ſhame,
And take the Gods, as preſidents herein,
My pregnant wit ſhall ſhun all future blame,
Our pleaſure ſcapes well, hid with name of kin,
And you may clip and kiſſe, and play with me,
A daughters name me thinkes a cloke will bee.

Haue mercy now, I haue my caſe expreſt,
Which loue inforſt my fearefull hand to write:
O grant thy daughter this her firſt requeſt,
That is the occaſion of her chiefe delight,
This Epitaph deſerue thou not; I haue,
The cruell father tooke the life he gaue.

And though my lines are blotted euery where,
'T was with my teares that fell ere it was dry,
And if my letters ſcribled do appeare,
Whereby you thinke ſome other wrot to try.
Your mind: becauſe my curious hand is miſt,
A fearefull minde, doth bring a ſhaking fiſt.

And ſo theſe ſcrambled lines I do commend,
Vnto your loue, be-blurred all with teares,
With feruent hope they ſhall no whit offend,
The minde is baſe, that ſtill continuall feares.
And note you well, which is the greater blot,
To get no childe, or kill that you haue got.

Thus much this luſtfull Lady writ in vaine,
And ſeald it cloſely with a precious ſtone,
A precious ſtone clos'd vp a filthy ſtaine,
Her truſty ſeruant forth ſhe cals anone,
And bluſhing bad him with a merry cheare,
He ſhould this letter to her father beare.

This ſcarcely ſayd, old *Cynarus* did come,
And then ſhe caſt her letter quite aſide.
Daughter (ſayd he) you ſee the daily throng
Of ſuters that do ſeeke thee for their bride:
Here be their names *my wench*, then come and ſhow,
On which of them thou wilt thy ſelfe beſtow.

Now for a ſpace ſhe ſilent did remaine,
And onely gazed wiſhly in his face:
She could her teares no longer then reſtraine,
But they ran trickling downe her cheeks apace,
Her father kiſſes her, and bids her peace,
And thought it tender-hearted ſhamefaſtnes.

He dry'd her cheekes, and ſaid, my wench be ſtill,
Thy yeares of right, a husband now doth claime
Thou ſhalt not liue a maid by my good will,
Nor longer ſhalt a wanton bed refraine,
Then what, or who wilt haue? come tell me now,
At length ſhe did reply; one like to you.

He did allow the choyce, and prais'd the ſame,
And kiſt and clipt her for her louing ſpeech,
Not deeming that it tended to their ſhame,
It pleaſd her well, and wiſht that he would ſeech
A further ſuit; and then made this requeſt,
Let me liue ſtill with you, let wooers reſt.

Your company I moſt of all affect,
Continue but your loue, it ſhall ſuffice,
Theſe wrangling husbands why ſhould I reſpect?
Her father thus againe to her replies,
Thy godlineſſe (at which ſhe bluſhed red)
I like, but thou muſt taſt a Bride-groomes bed.

Thou doſt not know the pleaſure it affords,
Nor wanton motions that therein abound,
It not conſiſteth all of pleaſant words,
More gameſome tricks are there ſtill to be found,
A minde ſo chaſte as thine cannot conceiue
What pleaſing ſports one ſhall thereby receiue.

The Scourge of Venus.

It is no dreame, nor paſſion of the minde,
But a ſubſtantiall pleaſure there doth dwell,
The practike part of dreames therein we finde,
Which who ſo doth omit, leades apes in hell.
Why doſt thou bluſh? I know your caſe, believe,
Maids muſt ſay nay, yet take when men do giue.

And now the ſable horſes of the night,
Haue drawne a mantle ore the ſiluer ſky,
And all the ſtars doe ſhew their borrowed light,
Each breathing thing oppreſt with ſleepe doth lie.
Saue *Philomell*, that ſings of *Terreus* rape,
And *Myrha* plotting ſome inceſtious ſcape.

No reſt at all ſhe tooke within her bed,
The flames of *Cupid* burnt ſo in her breſt,
And many a fanſie comes into her head,
Which ouer-much her troubled ſoule oppreſt,
She *doubts*, ſhe *hopes*, then *feare* doth make repaire,
Sh'l now attempt, then *ſhame* doth bring deſpaire.

The Scourge of Venus:

Looke how you ſee a pleaſant field of Corne
Moue here and there by gent-breathing wind,
Now vp and downe, as waues in ſea are borne:
So doubtfull thoughts had motion in her minde:
Now ſhee'l ſurceaſe, and now to him repaire,
Inſtable, like a feather in the aire.

O fye vpon this fowle inceſtious luſt,
That very Nature greatly doth abhorre,
Some plague will fall vpon all ſuch I truſt,
If in this world there can be any more.
I hope this little world well-freed is,
Of Giants, and ſuch monſtrous beaſts as this.

So God preſerue it, if it be his will,
And let the Goſpell euer flouriſh here,
Yet I do feare we haue ſome yet as ill,
The pleaſing fooles do with their folly beare:
In Paradice I ſee wee cannot liue,
But we ſhall finde ſome foule ſeducing *Eue*.

My

My tongue doth ſtagger to repeate her name,
So foule a blot a Chriſtian cannot brooke,
Go ſeeke a glaſſe to ſee this filthy ſhame,
Vpon *Gods holy Bible* daily looke:
And there thou maiſt, as in a mirror ſee,
No *Alkeron* can yeeld the like to thee.

There ſucke the *Nectar* of his *Holy Word*,
And begge thou pardon for thy foule abuſe,
For euery *Sore* it can a *Salue* afford.
O *Atheiſt*! learne to make of it good vſe.
Thou Chriſtians blot, to leaue off further talke,
Whilſt thou haſt light, endeauor there to walke.

And thou *Panchaia*, rich in many a thing,
In *Cuſtus*, *Cynamon*, and *Incenſe* ſweete,
That out of trees aboundantly doth ſpring,
Of *Ammonie*, and things for vſes meete.
Yet whilſt thou yeeldeſt *Mirth*, I wey thee not:
For thereunto hath *Myrha* giuen a blot.

No meaſure in her filthy loue ſhe found:
No eaſe, no reſt, but death doth like her now,
Reſolu'd on this ſhe gets vp from the ground,
And mindes to hang her ſelfe, her loue to ſhew,
And then the nooſe about her necke ſhe drawes,
And ſayd, O *Cynaras*! thou art the onely cauſe.

Farewell therefore, a thouſand times farewell,
Deere *Cynaras* thou mightſt haue ſau'd my ſelfe,
And thinke then, this to me alone befell,
Becauſe I durſt not loue thee as a wife.
Farewell againe. Oh welcome gentle death!
And then ſhe went about to ſtop her breath.

A recompence fit for ſo foule a mind,
But yet by change her aged Nurſe did lye,
Within a chanber that to hers adioyn'd,
Who ouer-hearing this, to her did hye;
And ſeeing her halfe murdered, ſo began,
To ſhrieke and ſcreeme, and ſtraight vnto her ran.

Who firſt did ſnatch her girdle from her necke,
And powring teares vpon her plentuouſly,
Did hold her in her aged armes, though weake,
And kiſſing her did vrge the reaſon why.
She went about away her ſelfe to make,
Or to her ſhame ſo baſe a courſe to take?

Quoth ſhe, I pray thee tell the cauſe to me,
Behold theſe empty dugs, and head all gray,
Theſe hands that paine haue tooke in rocking thee,
Let ſome, or all theſe, cauſe thee to bewray
What cruell meanes haue brought thee in this caſe.
At which the Lady turn'd away her face.

O be not coy ſweete! hide thou nought from me,
I am thy Nurſe, ſhe ſayd, and haue good skill,
In charms, and heards, and dreams, that powerfull be,
Of what thou wantſt, Il'e helpe thee to thy fill.
Art thou in loue, or witcht by any wight?
Il'e finde thee eaſe, or elſe will free thee quite.

The Scourge of Venus.

I haue bene wanton once as well as you,
Now yet by age, am altogether dull,
I haue beene loue-ſicke, as you may be now,
Of toyes and loue-trickes I was wondrous full,
How ſtrange ſo ere thy caſe do therefore ſtand,
I can and will redreſſe it out of hand.

Thou art in *Loue* (my ſweet) I well eſpy,
If ſo, no lacke ſhalt finde in me, I ſweare,
The Lady in her armes ſob'd bitterly,
The Nurſe replyd, and ſayd; Why do not feare.
Thy father ſhall not know of this at all:
At which ſhe ſtarts, and on her bed doth fall.

And frantickly ſhe tumbles on her face,
And ſaid, get hence (good Nurce) I pre'thee go,
Conſtraine me not to ſhew my wicked cauſe,
That caſe (quoth ſhe) I pray thee let me know.
Get hence, ſhe anſwer'd, or enquire leſſe,
'Tis wickedneſſe, thou wouldſt haue me confeſſe.

'Tis

'Tis ſuch a thing, that if I want, I die,
And being got, is nothing elſe but ſhame.
The Nurſe hereat did ſigh moſt heauily,
And on her knees beſought to know the ſame,
A holding vp her hands as ſhe did kneele,
Sayd; Madame, tell the priuie griefe you feele.

If you will not diſcouer this to me
I will acquaint your father out of hand,
How you had hang'd your ſelfe, wer't not for me,
But if you tell, your truſty friend Il'e ſtand,
And let your griefe of any nature be,
It ſhall go hard, but Il'e finde remedy.

And if your caſe be ill, you need not feare
The heauie load the wickedneſſe doth bring,
Il'e teach thee how moſt eaſily to beare,
My age hath got experience in each thing.
Tell me what 'tis that doth ſo neerely touch,
One woman may perſwade another much.

And now the Lady rais'd her heauy head,
Hanging vpon her Nurſes boſome faſt,
As ſhe did riſe vp from her ſlothfull bed,
Being prodigall, her chriſtall teares to waſte,
Now ſhe would ſpeak, and now her ſpeech doth ſtay,
Then ſhame doth cauſe her turne her face away.

A franticke fury doth poſſeſſe her now,
And then ſhe drawes her garment ore her face,
And wrings her hands, and to her Nurſe doth vow,
For to acquaint her with her wretched caſe:
And ſhedding briniſh teares into her breſt,
Thus much her griefe to her at laſt expreſt.

Oh happy is my mothers happy ſtate!
That hath a husband *Debonarie* and faire,
Vnhappy am I, moſt infortunate,
At which he ſtopt, as one falne in diſpaire.
The Nurſe ſoone found *Senecdoche* in this,
And what the whole meant by a perfect keſſe.

Her

Her aged bones did ſhake and tremble faſt,
Her hoary haire ſtood ſtaring vp on end,
From forth her eyes a heauy looke ſhe caſt,
And many a ſigh her heart diſtreſt did ſend;
And pauſing long, not knowing what to ſay,
At laſt her tongue her mind did thus bewray.

In this I hope, good Lady, you but ieſt,
To try your Nurſes now-decaying wit;
So foule a fault it not within your breaſt,
Then tell me true the occaſion of this fit.
The Lady frown'd, and ſtopt her ſpeaking farther,
And ſayd, get hence, is't ſhame to loue our father.

I ſhe reply'd in ſuch a filthy ſort,
It is not loue, but luſt that you profeſſe,
Neceſſity with true loue cannot ſort.
Your loue contaminates, you muſt confeſſe.
A daughters loue then to your father ſhow,
Some loue *good things* but with *bad loue*, I know.

Or if your your wanton fleſh you cannot tame,
Nor coole the burning of your hot deſire,
Then take ſome one that not augments the ſhame.
And ſet apart to dote vpon your fire.
It is moſt vile to ſtand in ſuch a need,
To make the actor baſer then the deed.

Beſides, his yeares can yeeld no ſuch content,
That blithſome wanton dames expect to haue,
Wherein your bargaine you will ſoone repent,
When you ſhall find great want of that you craue:
Are you ſo mad, or will you once beleeue
Old men content to frolicke Dames can giue?

Take this example of me, from the Sky,
Behold a ſhooting ſtar from heauen fall
Whoſe glimmering light you ſcarcely do eſpy.
But it is gone as nothing were at all;
And ſo their ſports being ſcarce begun doth leaue,
As in the aire concreſſions we perceiue.

Or as the bloomes vpon the Almond-tree,
That vaniſh ſooner then the muſh-rums done:
Or as the flies *Hamere* we do ſee,
To leaue their breath their life being ſcarce begun,
Who thinks that tree whoſe roots decai'd by time,
Can yeeld like fruite to yong ones in their prime.

A rotten ſticke more fit to burne then vſe,
I maruell what from age you do expect,
Let my experience their defect accuſe,
And teach thee how thy equals to affect:
When they ſhould toy, iocund and ſport with thee,
Their gouts, coughs and cramps, will hindrance be

'Tis not their fault, but incident to age,
Which far more imperfections with it brings,
As iealouſie, ſuſpicion, fury, rage,
Diſlike, diſdaine, and other ſuch like things,
For can the fire, hot in nature, dwell
With water cold, but they at length rebell.

The Scourge of Venus.

Euen as in Summer one may aptly note,
The fire and water in one cloud contain'd;
And neither, yet, the maſtery hauing got,
Being oppoſits, their furie's not reſtrain'd,
But do contend in ſtrife and deadly warre,
Till ſcolding Thunder do pronounce the iarre.

Chooſe from thy woers ſome peculiar one,
Whoſe loue may fill the meaſure of thy hopes,
And balonize thy wanton ſports alone,
Whoſe appetite with thy deſire copes,
Youth will be franticke in a Maidens bed,
Age is vnapt and heauy as the lead.

Youth hath his daliance and his kind embrace,
Euen as the Elmes incircled with the Vine;
Age loueth reſt and quiet in this caſe,
Saying, Oakes at ſuch like Iuy gripes repine,
Youths pleaſing weltun'd years ſweet muſick makes,
When for conſort loue ſtrings it ſtraines or ſlakes.

Yet

Yet chuſe thou one whoſe tongue's not ſet on wheels
Who eats his words before he brings then forth,
That no *decorum* in his talking feeles,
Such are but buzards, blabs of little worth:
And for complexion, heerein me beleeue,
The perfect ſanguine ſweete content doth giue.

The Phlegmaticke is like the water cold,
The Cholericke wants ſap, like fire dry,
And Melancholy, as age, is dull and old,
But in the Sanguine moiſt warme iuice doth ly,
Whoſe beauty feeds the eye with ſweete delight,
The reſt do rather feare then pleaſe the ſight.

What pleaſure can a ſterne grim face affoord,
A ſwarfie colour or rough ſhagged haire,
Or Rauen blacke? Beleeue me at a word,
They are too blame that do deſpiſe the faire,
They pleaſe the eye, prouoke dull appetite,
Reſemble Gods, and do the minde delight.

Ceaſe

Ceaſe chatting, gentle Nurſe, the Lady ſaid,
Or frame thy Tale to ſute more with the time,
My choice is made, therein I neede no aide.
Which may be compaſt by ſome helpe of thine,
It is too late of abſtinence to preach,
When one is drunk, and notes not what you teach.

I ſeeke him not for luſt, as you do deeme,
For if my minde were onely bent thereto,
I could finde other men I might eſteeme,
You know the ſtore of Suters come to woe:
But 'tis ſome kind of naturall inſtinct,
Or diuine flame that cannot be extinct.

What I do ſeeke I know is wondrous vile,
And haue a will for to withſtand the ſame,
Yet can thoſe motions by no meanes exile,
So ſeeketh luſt to bring me vnto ſhame,
Be it worſe then nought to haue it fleſh doth ſtriue.
Helpe Nurſe, elſe long I cannot liue.

And wiſh not to diſſwade me in this caſe,
Nor giue me counſell to withdraw my minde,
It likes me well, I weigh not the diſgrace,
O teach me then to win him to be kind!
Helpe me good Nurſe in this my cruell ſtate,
All other meanes of comforts comes too late.

And ſince thou needs wouldſt vnderſtand my ſhame
Which I did grieue and bluſh to ope to thee,
And had lear di'd then told thee of the ſame,
Now be not ſlacke to lend thy helpe to mee,
Thou for'ſt me for to open my diſgrace,
Then lend thy help to ſalue my wretched caſe,

You do not know good Nurſe or haue forgot,
What 'tis to loue, and cannot it obtaine,
Of youths kind daliance age doth take no note,
Forgetting it, and thinke all may abſtaine:
But 'tis not ſo, I to thoſe thoughts reply,
Then helpe me gentle Nurſe, or elſe I die.

Liue ſtill my ſweete, quoth ſhe, and do poſſeſſe,
Yet name of (father) ſhame forc't her conceale
And with a ſtaggring ſpeech the word repreſt,
And all her helpe more amply to reueale,
She made a vow whereby her ſelfe ſhe bound,
To do the beſt that might in her be found.

The feaſts of gentle *Ceres* now began,
Which yearely they obſeru'd, and held it ill,
For thrice three nights to lye with any man,
The wiues in white, apparrelled were ſtill,
And vnto *Ceres*, firſt fruit of the field,
(As garlands made of eares of corne) did yeeld.

The Queene amongſt theſe women did frequent
Theſe Rites, and would be abſent at that time,
The Nurſe then to accompliſh her intent,
And finding *Cynaras* made blith with wine,
The Syren moſt inchantingly did ſing,
And thus at laſt broke ſilence to the King.

Renowned King, but that your constant loue,
Restraines my tongue and holds my speeches in,
A wanton question I would to thee moue? (gin,
Speake on, quoth he, good Nurse thy speech be-
With *Bacchus* feasts do wanton sports agree,
I know thou wouldst no ill thing vnto me.

Then thus, quoth she, there is a gallant Maide,
Of Princely birth and Noble high degree,
Who at this time would be right well apaide
To kisse thy hand, shee is so in loue with thee,
Such diuine beauty in her face doth lurke,
That Gods enuy at Nature for the worke.

Without offence vnto your Queene and Wife,
Vnto this Lady, she is a homely cate,
I loue your Queene, and honour her as life,
And but admire the others happy state,
That's made so faire that none can like her be,
Your Queene is kind, abuse her not for me.

But if you ſaw her face, as I haue done,
And view'd the reſt of her proportion'd limbs,
You would contemne my Miſtres face too ſoone,
Yet loue then both: it nought your honor dims,
One as your wife, the next for beauties ſake,
So of them both a beauteous wife but make.

The glory of her haire is wonderous bright,
Vpon her browes doth ebbe and flow content,
Her eies in motion do beget delight,
Her cheekes a tincture to *Aurora* lent,
Her teeths no peale, her eyes no rubies are,
But fleſh and bone, more red and white by far.

No liſping tongue that fondrels count a grace,
But doth to well tun'd harmony incline,
A necke inferrior nought vnto the face,
And breath moſt apt for to be preſt by thine,
Now if the outer view ſo glorious proue,
Iudge how the hidden parts procure loue,

The King who all this while lent liſtening eare,
Being wrapt in admiration of her ſpeech,
Now did begin more liuely to appeare
And for to know one thing of her did ſeech,
Saying, of what yeeres may this Lady be?
Iuſt of ſweete *Myrahs* age, replied ſhee.

He ſaid then, bring her to conferre with mee,
That I may try if all be true you ſay,
It is moſt true, as after you ſhall ſee,
But ſayd the Nurſe, you now muſt let her ſtay,
Perhaps ſhee'le bluſh, and be to coy by light,
When ſhe will yeeld more kindly in the night,

Such pretty Dames will hardly yeeld conſent,
For in their mouthes they alwaies carry nay,
Yet if you giue, to take, they are content,
And nere refuſe, what ere their tongue doth ſay:
For ſo they nature ſimple men abuſe,
When what they loue they moſt of all refuſe.

The Scourge of Venus.

If I do fable put me vnto ſhame,
In ſaying ſhe reſembles *Myrha* much,
For 'tis ſo much, as if it were the ſame;
And when you ſeeke to gaine the loue of ſuch.
Let my experience thus much you aſſure,
They Fawlcon-like ſtoop to a ganey lure.

And now you may, voide of ſuſpected crime,
Dally with her in your laſciuious bed,
The ſacred *Ceres* feaſts are at this time,
And th re y. ur Queene is ſtill: this ſcarcely ſed,
Quoth *Cyneas*, bring her this night to me,
Whereto the Nurſe replide, I do agree.

With hopefull newes the Nurſe return'd againe,
And cheer'd her chicke, and bad her not be ſad.
Her wiſhed ſute, ſhe certaine ſhould obtaine,
The newes whereof made *Myrha* wondrous glad.
Yet as ſhe ioy'd, ſhe was oppreſt with feare,
Such diſcords of affections in her were.

Away

Away ſlips time and haſteneth on the night,
And now the Beare's ſcene run about the Pole,
Conducted forward by Boætes bright,
The other ſtars about the axe-tree role:
The Southerne images do ſhine as gold,
Fit monuments for Hunters to behold.

At what time *Myrha* wickedly proceedes,
And takes in hand to act her baſe deſire,
The ſhamefull luſt with curſed hopes ſhe feeds,
Which quickly ſets her heart vpon a fire,
And thereupon reſolueth on her ſhame,
And not one thought to contradict it came.

At which the Sunne his glorious face did hide,
Each Planet pulleth in his golden head,
The other ſtars out of heauens glide,
And *Cynthia* from her ſiluer Palace fled,
The night is robbed of her wonted light,
Each thing turn'd darke that formerly was bright.

Three times, by ſtumbling, *Myrha* was fore-told,
Of bad ſucceſſe, if ſhe did not retire;
Three times the Owles like leſſons did vnfold,
Whoſe doleſull note do foule miſhap require,
Yet ſhe crept on, on, regarding not the ſame,
The want of light alayed much the ſhame.

The Nurſe doth lead her by her owne left hand,
The right doth grope the darke and deſart way,
As ſilent as the night they now do ſtand.
To heare the night-crowes ſcrike, and goblins play
The lich-foule beaſts, and at the window cries,
For to come in, to ſtay the enterpriſe.

O gentle Nurſe, ſaid *Myrha* tell to me,
What may theſe ſcremes & doleſull ſcriks portend,
The nurſe reply'd, my child, no hurt to thee,
They are but ſeruants that on night attend,
Theſe goblins, lich-fouls, Owles, and night-crows to,
At murthers raile, with loue haue naught to do.

And then the Bedlam leads the Lady on,
Though many roomes and other turning wayes,
As in a laborinth they two had gone;
And as they go, she to the Lady sayes;
Now cheere you vp, and get a iocund minde,
In thinking of the pleasures you shall finde.

At last she brings her to the chamber doore
Which softly she did ope, and led her in,
The Lady fals to trembling more and more,
Her very heart did to relent begin,
The neerer to the wickednesse she went,
The more to quake and quiuer she was bent.

Looke how you see a blind man on the way,
Led by another through some desart place,
Stagger and grope and at each trifle stay.
For feare least he should fall: euen in like case,
The wretched nurse the fearefull Lady leads,
Who shakes and starts at euery step she treads.

And now ſhe doth her interpriſe repent,
And wiſh ſhe might vnknowne returne againe,
Vnto his bed the pawſing Nurſe then went;
And cal'd the King and told him thus much plaine,
Dread King awake, of pleaſures take thy fill,
This Ladie's thine, then vſe her as you will.

The curſed father then his bowels takes,
Into his bed, O filthy blot and ſtaine,
His daughter ſhiuers in his armes, and quakes,
This being done, the nurſe returnes againe,
And ſayd, make much of her, to weepe forbeare,
None would weepe for that which you now feare.

The King then cheeres his daughter in his arme,
Why doſt thou weepe? be ſtill my ſweete, be ſtill,
Come clip thy loue I meane to do no harme,
My Kingly bed with pleaſures ſhall thee fill,
And to hide all that idle heads may moue,
Hence-forth I call thee daughter and not loue.

Come kiſſe thy father, gentle daughter then,
And learne to ſport thee in a wanton bed;
Is this the trickes (ſhe ſoftly ſaid) of men?
And counterfeiting ſpeech vnknowne, ſhe ſayd,
A daughters name, me thinkes, doth not agree,
Iſt well with your owne child in loue to be?

The King, not deeming who lay by his ſide,
Replies, what hurt deere Lady can it be?
No ill I know by that meanes can betide,
The loue more firme thereby we common ſeet
It is not ill though men the ſame not craue,
For we want daughters till a wife we haue.

She did reply, and ſayd, why put the caſe,
That I were *Myrha*, for as men do ſay,
My countenance reſembleth much her face;
Were't not offence, thinke you, with me to play?
Miſdeeming nought, againe, he doth reply;
No more then 'tis with thee, ſweet wench, to lie.

O would, quoth *Myrha*, you could likewiſe proue,
Whereby I might but know ſome reaſon why,
It were not ill to grant to you my loue,
That loue ſhould then alone to you apply;
Were I your daughter I might well conſent,
Say halfe ſo much for me I am content.

The King replies, my ſweete, my will is law,
And may command my ſubiects when I will,
Beſides all this, you furthermore do know,
You muſt obey, I call you daughter ſtill:
Then talke no more, ſhe ſayd, I do agree,
Thy daughter and thy ſubiect yeelds to thee.

Oh! now the father his owne child doth take,
And of his owne he doth his owne beget,
Of his owne loines another child doth make,
Repugnant to the Law that nature ſet;
May ones owne ſeed to procreation moue?
No ſure, vnleſſe it doth a monſter proue.

Then muſicke is the ſcriking of the Owles,
As if the fiends came for to ſunder them,
The rauing dogs affright them with their howles,
As all the fiends came forth to iniure them;
The ſtars behind the clouds, a great way hence,
Like ſpies lie peeping to diſcloſe the offence.

Their bed doth ſhake and quauer as they lie,
As if it groan'd to beare the weight of ſinne,
The fatall night-crowes at their windowes flie,
And cries out at the ſhame they do liue in:
And that they may perceiue they heauens frowne,
The Poukes and Goblins pul the couerings down.

The pillow that her curſed head doth beare,
Which is a caſtle of accurſed ill,
The weighty burthen of the ſame doth feare,
And therefore ſhrinketh inwards from her ſtill:
Whilſt both the ends high ſwelling with diſdaine,
Like angry foe-men raiſe themſelues amaine.

The bed, more kind then they religious are,
Doth ſeeke to ſhroud their foule defiled act,
And therefore lets them fall into it farre
As in ſome vale for to conceale the fact:
Like bulwarkes riſing to defend their names,
Or ſwelling mountains to obſcure their ſhames.

O there they lie and glut themſelues with ſin,
A iocuud ſin that doth the fleſh delight,
A filthy fleſh that can reioyce therein,
A ſilly ioy that gainſt the ſoule doth fight,
A faſting ſport, a pleaſure ſoone forgot,
That bringeth ſhame with an eternall blot.

Thrice happy now, had wicked *Myrha* bene,
If ſome foule ſwelling *Ebon* cloud would fall,
For her to hide her ſelfe eternall in,
Or had the bed bene burnt with wilde fire all,
And thereby moult the heauens golden frame,
That all things might haue ended with her ſhame.

And now reuenge, a ſouldier vnto luſt,
Comes ſcouring in, as it had bene beguil'd,
Accompanied with fame and foule diſtruſt,
And with diſgrace, blacke luxures baſeſt child,
Theſe threaten them and blaze abroad the fact,
And like to Trumpets thunder out the act.

Not many nights they ſpending in this ſort,
But *Cyneras* at length deſir'd to know
Who 't was affoorded him t his pleaſant ſport,
And freely did the curteſie beſtow:
And hauing done this taske vs'd euery night,
Forth he doth ſteale and goes to ſeeke the light.

O hide thee *Myrha*, 'tis not time to ſleepe,
A thunderbolt is leuel'd at thy head,
Vnleſſe thy eyes prepare them for to weepe,
With fire and ſword thou art betrai'd in bed,
Awaken wench, the day of doome bewray,
And ſee the father his owne child betray.

And whither ſteales thou furious *Cynaras*?
Why ſeekes a light to open thy owne ſhame?
VVho hop'ſt to finde in this accurſed place?
Make not ſuch haſt to ſpy thy ignoble game,
Stay, ſtay thy feete, thou wilt repent to late,
Miſchiefe it ſelfe comes in with ſpeedy gate.

What, ſleepſt thou *Myrha*? why then ſleep thou long,
Or elſe awake and welcome in thy woes,
Another happy day will neuer come,
Pale miſery thy pleaſure ouer-goes;
Dreame ſleeping, thou didſt with thy father lie,
Or wake, and ſee him reuenge the villany.

Confound thy head, and all thy parts with feare,
And thinke the fiends incompaſſe thee about,
Striuing with burning tonges thy fleſh to teare,
Pulling thy tongue and eies with tortures out;
O thinke with raizors they do flea thy skin,
Adding new tortures vnto euery ſin.

Now comes the father, being fully bent,
For to disclose his loue with his faire light,
Sleepe *Myrha*, thou hast time for to repent.
Arise in care, passe many a weary night;
Looke *Cyneras*, and spy gisgrace too soone,
Myrha awake, see what thy lust hath done.

Blush lustfull King, and see the end of lust,
Behold thy owne dishonour and disgrace,
Learne what it is to vse thy wife vniust,
And lay a Strumpet in her princely place,
Shame follows them, reuenge hangs o're their heads,
That basely do defile their marriage bed.

It's like a tender flowes nipt with frost,
It euer after hangs his drooping head,
And hath her wonted prime of glory lost,
Or like the cup that hath his *Nectar* shed:
Cracke you the richest pointed Diamond,
And all his prise and glory's lost and gone.

Old *Cynaras* his daughter knowing well,
For very anger could not ſpeake a word,
But into moſt outragious fury fell,
And would haue kil'd the Lady with a ſword,
But nimbly ſhe, by helpe of cloudy night,
Conueyes her ſelfe out of her fathers ſight.

Moſt like a Lyon, ranging for a pray,
Each corner of the houſe he madly lookes,
No barre, or ſtop, doth hinder him or ſtay,
He rifles chambers, beds, and ſecret nookes.
This Lyon ſeekes for her, the dart did throw,
And quietly lets all the other go.

By this the Lady's in the *Arabian* fields,
And fearefully doth range about the ſame,
Which plenteouſly the bearing *Date-tree* yeelds,
At length ſhe alſo through *Panchaia* came,
Her fathers rage being ſomething ouer-paſt,
At *Saba* land ſhe doth ariue at laſt.

The King not finding her, begins to fret,
And vex himselfe with anguish, care and griefe,
He scoulds with fortune, that this trap did set,
And chides the Fates for yeelding no relieſe:
Small sorrow grew till they to greater came,
Like little sparkes increasing into flame,

Euen as a riuer swelling ore her bounds,
By daily falling of small drops of raine,
Likewise his care continually abounds,
By howerly thinking of his fault againe,
Content were found soone io calamity,
The thought thereof raz'd out of memory.

Daughter, quoth he, with eyes ful fraught with teare,
What hast thou don? O foule accurſed child!
Why hast deceiu'd my aged blosm'd haires?
Why didst thy Princely Father so beguile?
Alasse! I err e, thou art nochild to me,
Nor longer Il'e thy louing father be.

Go ſeeke ſome hole eternall to lye in,
And neuer more behold the heauens light,
Thou haſt diſgraced all thy name and kin,
Then hide thee euerlaſting from my ſight.
Thou haſt not onely brought vs both to ſhame,
But made thy father actor of the ſame.

How will thy mother thinke her ſelfe abus'd,
That haſt made her a quot-queane ſhamefully,
Of filthy inceſt I do thee accuſe,
That Lemmon-like didſt with thy father lye,
Then hye to hell, haſte to the Furies there,
When raging parents witneſſe gainſt thee beare.

Oh but the fault thy owne was moſt of all,
Poore *Myrha* thou didſt meane no hurt to me,
It wot: thou ſaid'ſt (my ſelfe I witneſſe call)
'T was ill with your owne childe in loue to be.
And vrg'd againe, what if ſhe *Myrha* were,
I baſely ſaid, there was no fault in her.

Then rent thy braines with terror of the deed,
Confuſed thoughts burſt thine accurſed breaſt,
As if thou did'ſt on deadly poyſon feed,
And in *Eliſium* let thy ſoule nere reſt,
Rore ſeas, quake earth, till you deuoure him,
That hath defil'd his daughter with foule ſin,

Yet ſhe did know I was her father deere,
What meant ſhe then to ſeeke me in ſuch ſort?
I did not know my daughter to be there,
And therefore wiſhed her no kind of hurt.
She ſin'd, and knew her father ſhe abuſed,
I ſin'd, vncertaine who it was I vſed.

By this the Sunne neere paſt the Zodiaque ore,
And thrice three ſignes had fully ouer-run,
Returning tow'rd the point he was before,
Ninty degrees wanting thereto to come,
He had the Cliptike and one quadre gone,
And in that ſpace the child ripes in the womb.

The Scourge of Venus.

When *Myrha* weeping much her barne to beare,
Tired with wandring in the wood ſo long,
Weary of life beginneth for to feare.
What ſhall hereafter on her ſelfe become.
Now ſhe perceiues the folly luſt did bring,
And may take time of penitence to ſing.

Things done in haſte, haue leaſure to repent,
A haſty braine is neuer wanting woe,
Youth with *Decorum* ſeldome is content,
Youg yeares and luſt aſſociat-like do goe,
Youth hath no wit till it be deerely bought,
And often times then it is good for nought

Alaſſe! quoth *Myrha*, burſting out with cryes,
What ſhall I do that haue ſo vilely erred?
Let bellowing grones pierce vp vnto the skyes,
That all the Gods to pitty may be ſtirred,
O let ſome Trumpets voice from thee be driuen,
To waken mighty *Iupiter* in heauen.

The Scourge of Venus.

You gentle Gods, that wonted were to heare
The ſuppliant praiers of diſtreſſed ſoules,
Now open wide your gracious liſtning eare,
That I may win ſome pitty with my houles.
O let it ſtand with your omnipotence,
For to remit the ſorrowfuls offence.

I do confeſſe my wickedneſſe is much,
And there's no hope that I ſhould fauour win,
Yet you ſtill-pardoning clemency is ſuch,
That vndeſerued you forgiue our ſin,
We run in errors euery day moſt ill,
Yet you are apt to grant vs pardon ſtill.

What haue I gain'd? my fathers foule diſgrace,
My owne diſhonor, and my friends diſdaine:
What haue I won? an imputation baſe,
My mothers curſe, and a perpetuall ſtaine,
I ſeldome ſee one miſchiefe to ariſe,
But it brings others at her heeles likewiſe.

And ſince my fault into ſuch height is driuen,
That I deſerue not in the earth to reſt,
Nor haue a place amongſt the ſtarres in heagen,
You nightly powers grant me this requeſt:
That neither with the dead nor liue I do remaine,
And ſo no place in earth or heauen gaine.

To this her laſt requeſt the gods conſent,
And ſo the ground her feet did couer ore,
Out from hell toes the ſcrawling roots were ſent,
Which by her trauell ſhe had bruiſed ſore.
Theſe twining roote moſt plentuouſly abound,
Till they had fixt her body to the ground.

Where be the walkes that thou waſt wont to haue,
The ſhady groues paued with Camomile?
The roſie bowers that heate of Sunne did ſaue.
And yeelded to thy ſence a pleaſant ſmile?
Where be the pleaſant roomes thou ſo laſt's in?
Thou art diſpoil'd thereof by thine owne ſin.

Thou ſhalt no more within thy Chariot ride,
Gazing vpon the people kneeling downe,
No more will come to woe thee for a Bride,
Luſt hath defil'd the tipe of thy renowne.
Thoſe feete of thine, that to offence did lead,
Impriſoned are, and not allow'd to tread.

By this the growing tree ſo far had paſt,
That her faire bones to timber turned were:
Her marow did conuert to pyth at laſt,
And all her bloud the name of *Sap* doth beare,
Her armes to bowes, her fingers branches be,
Her skin to barke, and ſo ſhe made a tree.

Where is the face that did all faces ſtaine,
But ſhrucke within a hard conſolid barke?
No one will ſue to kiſſe it once againe,
But muſt be hid perpetually in darke.
That ſnow-white-necke, that me deſir'd to tuch,
Now they refuſe handle to it as much.

Where are thoſe eyes, thoſe glaſſy eyes of thine,
That lent the glorious Sun his chiefeſt light?
Where is that Angels voyce, that voyce deuine,
Whoſe wel-tun'd tongue did all the gods delight?
VVhat, are they gone? do time thy glory ruſt?
No, they be ſpoiled with inceſtious luſt.

Farewell thy armes, made kindly to embrace,
But now a bough for birds to pearch vpon,
Farewell thy pretty fingers in like caſe,
The curious Lute ordain'd to quauer on.
Your wonted glory you ſhall ſee no more,
Your filthy luſt hath thruſt you out of dore.

Now with her ſhape ſhe loſt her ſences quite,
For that and for her fault ſhe weepeth ſtill;
VVhich teares are held in honor, price, and might,
And daily do out of the tree diſtill,
And from the gummy barke doth iſſue *Myrrh*,
VVhich euermore ſhall beare the name of her.

At laſt the ſwelling wombe diuides the tree,
The infant ſeeking for ſome paſſage out,
No Nurſe no Mid-wife could the baby ſee,
The vſe of ſpeech his mother is without,
And could not therefore begge *Lucina's* aid,
She might done well could ſhe one prayer ſaid.

And therefore ſighes and grones moſt heauily,
Bending moſt humbly to the ground below.
Shedding from euery bow teares plenteouſly:
At length the Gods ſome fauour did beſtow.
And ſo *Lucina* laid her hand thereon,
And ſpeaking words, receiu'd the words anon,

The watry *Nymphs* this pretty child did take,
And on ſoft ſmelling flowers laid him downe,
Of which a curious cradle they did make,
The hearbs perfumed were for more renowne.
The Nymphs this boy affected more and more,
And with his mothers teares ſtill waſht him ore.

The Scourge of Venus.

As yeares increaſe, ſo beauty doth likewiſe,
And is more faire to morrow then to day,
His beauty more and more continuall doth ariſe,
That enuy did delight, in him bewray,
As *Venus* fell in loue with him at laſt,
Who did reuenge his mothers luſting paſt.

FINIS.